While the Sands of Life Shall Run

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While the Sands of Life Shall Run

by amoralagent

Summary

Beyond the loud sound of the bugs, Will could hear the ice clink in Hannibal's drink as he took a sip. Imagined his lips on the rim of the glass. He closed his eyes and moved his foot back and forth in the water.

"If I fell in, would you save me?" He asked, lowly, basking in the sunlight.

Will won't stop teasing Hannibal. He knows already that actions have consequences.

Notes

Title: A Red, Red Rose by Robert Burns

I was going to post this on Valentine's, but then thought, fuck it, I can be romantic any time I like. I just love how Hannibal and Will are thriving post-fall, somewhere out there. I love them.

Inspired by that bit in Call Me By Your Name when Oliver just rolls into the swimming pool mid-conversation, and the foot massage scene. The beauty of that film has gotten under my skin, really. Oh, and a quote from Big Little Lies that comes in at the end. Hope you enjoy.

The sun was high in the sky, not a cloud in sight. Will was lying on the edge of the pool, straw hat over his eyes, despite there being a perfectly good deck chair mere inches away. He preferred the warmth of the earth, and coldness of the stone, it seemed. He could've been asleep.

Crickets chirped, all manner of insects buzzing about in the grass; a few foolishly landing in the clear, glimmering water, and dying, then left drifting. An unpleasant death, but an aesthetically pleasing one. Will's foot hung off the side, cold granite refreshing against his leg, even more so than the water. Dead flies bobbed in the ripples.

His billowy shirt was open at his collar, trousers rucked up to his knees. He'd been lying there for hours, and could do so for days, probably.

Hannibal was sat a few feet away on a sun lounger, reading, the apricot trees and standing umbrella giving him shade. He was sun-kissed and gleaming, prettier than Will had ever seen him. The heat made him look softer- the beard probably contributing, too- and skin was beautifully tanned. Beyond the loud sound of the bugs, Will could hear the ice clink in Hannibal's drink as he took a sip. Imagined his lips on the rim of the glass. He closed his eyes and moved his foot back and forth in the water.

"If I fell in, would you save me?" He asked, lowly, basking in the sunlight.

Hannibal didn't look up from his book, "You can swim on your own, Will."

Will squinted up at the blue sky, "What if I've forgotten how?"

He briefly glanced up from his page, skeptical, but ultimately apathetic, "I can teach you."

When he didn't reply, he assumed the matter was settled. It wasn't.

"So, what would you do if I fell in?" Will repeated, not turning to look at him, "Would you risk me not knowing how to swim?"

He watched him, brow slightly furrowed, the light reflecting off of his shirt almost blinding: "I don't know," He couldn't figure out why he was asking, and if it was just a jest, or he was really trying to admit that he somehow didn't know how to swim anymore: "Do you plan on falling in?"

There was a little pause, and he sighed, "Maybe."

He blinked at him, pursed his lips, "I'd prefer if you didn't." Just after he said it, Will took his hat off his head, put it on the grass beside him, and casually rolled straight into the pool. A splash, and he didn't resurface instantly.

Hannibal, expecting as much, put down his novel, jogged over to the pool, and dived in after him.

Will was floating for a moment on his front, shirt hanging about him, seemingly lifeless, and Hannibal grabbed him round his waist, hauling him up. As soon as he broke the surface, Will came back to life, and he kissed him, his arms wrapped around his neck.

Relieved and disappointed at the same time, Hannibal indulged his kisses, but then pushed him off. And left him to drown, if he so pleased: "Aw, come back!" Will chuckled, slapping water at him as he got out, watching his clothes drip as he did so, sticking to him: "Hannibal!" He pleaded, pushing his hair off his face, and wading over to him as he stripped himself of his shirt.

Will gave him a small, charming smile as he wrung his shirt in his hands. Standing there, offering him nothing but a disapproving glare, he sighed, "If you hadn't have kissed me, I would've drowned you myself." Hannibal said, as if it was an benign and empty threat. Will sidled up to rest his forearms on the granite, as innocent as anything.

"I just wanted you to get in the pool," Will shrugged, teasing, admiring how the sun haloed him at this angle, and his tailored shorts were soaked through, "It was easier than I thought it would be."

"The easiest option would've been to have asked nicely."

"*Yeah*," Will considered, disbelieving, moving away from the side to float on his back, "But you would've rejected it. You haven't been in here since we arrived."

"I haven't wanted to since we arrived." Hannibal countered, hanging his shirt over the deck chair to dry, combing a hand through his hair, "Why does that bother you?"

"I think it bothers *you*. You love swimming. Or, *loved*. Maybe you're too afraid to now." He wasn't accusing him, but it felt like some kind of provocation: "Or, I'm wrong, and you just haven't felt like it."

He wasn't entirely wrong. It's not exactly true that you fall into the roiling Atlantic with the intention of dying, wash up battered and bruised, and live life unscathed and unchanged afterwards. For Will, the ocean was entirely separate from other bodies of water, so he didn't have a problem with swimming pools and fishing lakes and ponds- still, he couldn't look at the sea without resentment. But Hannibal had differed, not fearful or timid around water because of the threat it posed, but not wanting to touch it, simply because it meant a lot more than it had.

They could've met their end past the edge of that cliff, bound up in each other, floating as they did before birth. Holding on until they couldn't anymore, until nature torn them apart from one another. Perfect poetry. It was a sacred element- always has been, really- but now it had played a part in their story in a huge way, and delivered them from the old into the new- like an old friend, offering connection.

It didn't feel right to go on swimming, and enjoying it, just as before. It's definition had changed.

Of course Will had picked up on that. Reading his mind. Hannibal inclined his head, a glint in his eye. He'd noticed Will's jab at a challenge, "So, you would like me to prove I'm not scared of it?"

Will poorly quelled a smile, hardening his stare, "If you're feeling bold enough."

That was it. Hannibal jumped in, and Will flinched against the spray of water, lifting his hands up, and his grin got wider as he watched his form underwater, like a shark, surge towards him, and he pulled him under. They kissed hard, and Will went up to catch a deep breath, only to dive back under, tackling him.

They rolled in the water, tussling, both rough and playful, water bubbling, and whirring in their ears. After a spin of trying to get a hold of each other, Will bit him on the shoulder before Hannibal grabbed him with both arms around his hips and pushed them both up.

A gasp for air, and Will pushed his hair off of his face to kiss him again, his grip on his waist loosening. Before long, Hannibal pushed Will up against the side, and the smile he wore between kisses turned into a laugh.

He pulled himself up to sit on the poolside as Hannibal has started to kiss his neck, shaking his hair like a dog. He grinned down at the man before him, resting back on his palms, his shirt translucent, "I didn't think you'd take the bait."

"You're a very good fisherman," Hannibal argued, standing between his legs, water up to his chest, "And, how could I resist you?"

Will scoffed, amused, "Easily."

Hannibal cracked a proper smile, nothing short of besotted. He slid a hand up the back of one of his calves, the other on his knee, and began massaging as he spoke, "You underestimate your charm. Just as you underestimate my ability to be charmed *by* you."

"Oh, I know how easy it is to win you round, I just expect more resistance." Will explained, quirking a brow, "Maybe you're going soft." To dispute his point, Hannibal bent the ball of Will's foot up, and he jerked his leg back in pain, only to return Hannibal's thinly veiled smugness with a smile.

He enjoyed the attention and the deft kneading of his muscles, relaxing only for Hannibal to move in a certain way and cause him to wince. He moved onto the other leg, and it happened again. He was doing that on purpose.

Another jolt of pain, and Will's hand grabbed Hannibal's hair, sucking air through his teeth, "*Ah!* Why are you doing that?"

"I'm trying to get you to relax."

He still had a smile on his face, even if he was trying to pull his leg away every five seconds, only to be held on to, "You're bullying me is what you're doing-- *ah!* Fuck." Hannibal let go

of his foot when Will's grip on his hair tightened, and raised himself up to kiss him again, hot and tickled and dripping wet.

Will swiped an apricot off the tree as he went back inside, holding it in his mouth as he pulled off his wet shirt, and the juice ran down his chin. He hung it on the nearest doorknob and went off to get a shower.

The rest of the day was spent in relative ease. They let their clothes dry off in the sun, Hannibal returned to his book, and Will milled around, doing whatever it was he did all day. When it came to the late evening, he put plenty of food out front for the stray dogs that roamed the area, and refilled the fly-ridden water bowls with the garden hose. With the weather less cruel but the air still buzzing with warmth, Hannibal didn't cook, and instead they had leftover tapas served cold.

Will lounged across the couch afterwards, flicking through channels- the TV was tiny and round and grainy like one straight out of the sixties, but was somehow rewired to get cable. The black and white photos on the wall behind it didn't modernise it at all, and they watched him from the darkness. But it had been someone else's house before theirs, who disappeared under mysterious circumstances, and perhaps they'd liked the aesthetic that ancient technology and creepy childhood photos supplied.

When they first got there Will had turned to Hannibal and said, kind of by accident, "Do you think any of these children are dead now?"

Hannibal didn't miss a beat, coming over to see what he was referring to. The three little framed photos were actually pretty disturbing to look at, especially in the daylight, all with forced smiles and doe-eyed, "Who's to say?" He sighed, "I don't make a habit of considering dead children." Then he moved away again and Will wasn't sure if he'd misspoke, "I'm sure they won't bother us."

"This place could be haunted." He added, like it was a genuine concern. That made Hannibal smile.

"Then we're in good company."

Two days past, and Hannibal pushed Will against the wall too hard, sending one of the photos crashing to the floor, and Will stopped kissing him, and they both stared down at the shattered glass. Safe to say that killed the mood right there and then.

Just as he had always been fascinated by macabre things, Will liked the idea of the paranormal. Another layer to reality, unseen. Having all the dogs used to put his mind at ease if he ever heard strange noises in the night, or the power went out too often. Most of the time he'd put it down to living slap-bang in the middle of nowhere, but he wouldn't be surprised if someone had followed him home. One of the dead girls, or one of Hannibal's victim, or a dead friend. Who knows. He had always been in the habit of collecting strays, after all.

But, Will decided the house wasn't haunted about a week in, and was pretty disappointed about it. No footsteps, no voices, no bumps in the night.

Well, it was occupied by ghosts- but not in the spiritual sense- because as much as everyone wanted them both to be dead, they were very much alive. They lived like they didn't exist, no one able to know they were there. That's probably as close to being a ghost as you can get.

He still didn't like the remaining photos; they made him feel watched. He didn't have the heart to move them. When Hannibal came back in the room from cleaning up, Will moved his legs onto his lap once he sat down.

The next morning broke when the headboard hit the wall, and pillow fell off the bed to almost knock a lamp over. Hannibal made a noise like a growl, turning them both over to push Will into the mattress, and continued his pace, making the bed rattle against the wall as he did. Will groaned, bit at his shoulder, kicked the sheets away from his legs and pulled his knees up. The morning light swam and flooded the bedroom a bright warm white. It was colder than it had been, and they were both sweating for other reasons. Will buried his face into Hannibal's neck. Their thighs moved together, thrust after thrust, pushing him up the bed. The room smelt of sex.

Suddenly the bedside phone rang, and Hannibal didn't stop for a second, and Will, breathing hard, met his eyes and spoke between a moan, "*Don't*-- answer it."

They held eye contact, and Will could see his thoughts before they went to action, and Hannibal, still inside him, pushed one hand over Will's mouth and snatched the phone with the other: "Hello?" He managed to sound offensively normal, if a little out of breath, and Will glared at him, incensed and more aroused than he'd ever been in his life: "Yes. Sorry, you've caught me in the middle of exercising. No, it's quite alright."

Will tried to grab it off him, but Hannibal was too quick to pull back, so he grabbed hold of his neck instead. Two could play this game.

Will held him tighter with his thighs, one hand on his throat, one working himself between them. When that didn't change much apart from Hannibal's eye colour, he bit against the hand over his mouth, holding back noise, and Hannibal only held his face tighter, and rocked his hips back and forth torturously slow: "Of course, that would be lovely."

With Will offering a look that could kill him, Hannibal leaned over him as a man's voice hummed on the other end of the line, and as a test, changed the angle and sunk in deeper, and Will's eyes almost rolled back in his head. He moaned tightly, muffled, but it didn't take a genius to figure out where the noise was coming from. It would be a surprise if he couldn't hear the slaps of Hannibal's thrusts when he kept changing pace. There was a questioning tone to the caller's voice: "Oh, no. Thank you."

Will was hanging on by a thread, and he wanted to fucking murder him. He could've scratched him. He lifted his hips up to meet him, breathing hard, but trying to be quiet.

From all the pleasure seizing him, when Hannibal kept relentlessly hitting the spot that made his limbs go weak, Will couldn't muster enough strength in his hand to hold Hannibal's throat any tighter and strangle him, and instead he blindly grabbed at him when he rolled his hips in again.

He could hardly see straight, burning white hot, "Yes. See you then." Hannibal breathed, strained, "Okay, goodbye." As soon as the phone was slammed back down, Hannibal took his hand off of his face to hold his throat, the headboard in time with his sporadic thrusts, and Will arched his back and gulped in air and squeezed his eyes shut as they came together.

It was so intense it gave him chills; made his thighs quiver. He thought it wouldn't end, wave after wave over them both like a bristling tide. They breathed together, hard, lazily kissing in it's wake.

"I'm going to kill you." Will declared in the aftermath, still catching his breath, and placing a biting kiss to his shoulder- Hannibal was still lurched over him, possessive. He smiled, smug and tired, against his cheek and didn't dare say a word.

Will turned his head and looked at the phone through half-lidded eyes, sighed, and turned back to push his face into Hannibal's neck, having made himself laugh.

Pouring sangria, Hannibal leant against the bottom of the bed, and swirled the ice around in the glass before taking a sip. He could hear Will fumbling in the bathroom, and something was knocked off the side to clatter onto the floor. Will sighed, swore, and came out in nothing but his boxers and a suit jacket that was two sizes too big. Hannibal stared at him: "What? You like it?" Really, he only looked fond, as if he didn't understand that he was being a tease. Will raised a brow, "Something tells me it's too big."

Hannibal put down his drink and, playing along, came over to straighten out the edges, and flatten the collar: "There are three different sizes, Will. It's not that you don't look good in less, but it'd be pleasant to see you try something--" He had to be very careful with his word choice, "Neater."

"*Neater*." Will repeated, giving him a side-eye as he circled round him, "And it would be pleasant, but only for you. I feel like a child trying on his father's clothes." He huffed, pulling it off and retreating back to the bathroom, despite Hannibal's preening.

"You've worn suits before, Will."

"Yeah, *to funerals*. To a cousin's wedding, when I was *nine*. *Nothing* this fancy."

Hannibal picked his glass back up, "You deserve something that fancy. And I'm more than willing to give it to you."

He sighed again, apathetic, "I'm not a show-pony."

"No, you aren't. But you *are* beautiful." That sounded suspiciously like sarcasm, and Will rolled his eye to himself in the mirror: "I'm sure it will be-" Will reentered the room in a jacket that fitted him perfectly, broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted, dark blue bringing out his eyes, "Glorious." As a joke, amused that it made him look like a stripper, he'd hung a tie round his neck. Hannibal marvelled regardless.

"Who knows! It might raise my self esteem!" He quipped, smiling at Hannibal's awed silence, marred by a slight frown in response. It was bizarre to have such an effect, especially whilst scarcely dressed and marginally uncomfortable. He fiddled with the cufflinks, "It's fine. I'll do it for you. Only if you let me burn it afterwards."

"I can think of better ways to spoil it." He said, feigning innocence when Will shot him a scolding look. He'd put his glass down so he didn't drop it, and moved over to straighten out his tie.

"I didn't hear that." He lied, not exactly impressed, scratching a hand through Hannibal's beard when he leaned close enough to kiss him- smiling and bewitched: "You don't need to dress me up and buy me things. I don't want it." Hannibal's other hand slid over his hip, "It's beginning to feel like I'm being annexed."

"I can assure you that you don't need fixing." He kissed just below his ear, as a comfort, and leant back to meet his eyes, "Love does not dominate; it cultivates."

"You're very dominant."

"Not with you." *Well*, he wasn't wrong. From the cliff, to the killings, to the sex, he wasn't wrong.

In mumbled Spanish, mostly as a comment to himself, Hannibal told him what he thought of him. Will understood perfectly well, but remained resolute. He raised his brows, "I'm too overdressed for you to be saying such lurid things to me."

"Lurid?"

"Yes."

Hannibal tightened his tie, "Are you too overdressed for me to kiss you?"

"Very funny." He joked, taking him by his jaw and kissing him, three times, and pulling away, the tie sliding out from between his fingers. Will pushed his hand onto his chest, amusement in his eyes, "Don't act like this on the night, or I'll leave you there." He warned, and made his point by leaving him standing there, again.

Hannibal padded after him, leant against the door frame and watched him undress, "Do you believe we would survive that separation?"

"I think you're harder to kill than that." Will said, meeting his eyes in the mirror, "Not saying I'd like to be apart from you." He hung the jacket back up, pulled his stained sleep shirt back on. Hannibal found himself besotted. In a blink, somehow, he managed to slip past him, tossed back the remainder of Hannibal's drink, and fell onto the bed.

"If you left me there alone, you'd be waiting hours for me to return. I'll be occupied. You would be the one to have to bear it." It sounded a bit like he was trying to convince himself that he would be fine with that decision, and would go through with a murder alone after all this time, and wouldn't think about or miss him at all. Hilarious.

"I have to *bear* you. Being apart would be some peace and quiet." Rolling onto his back like a cat, Will gazed up at him, a challenge and a submission. Hannibal took the moment to admire him, eyes warm and kind.

"Is that what you want?"

He sat on the bed beside him when he sighed, and grazed his lips with his fingers. They opened under his touch, and he moved his hand down his body, as he said: "No." Tenderly, Will trapped his hand under his, above his heart. Like he wanted him to tear it out. Like it was his. And, quietly, like a secret or a prayer, Will told him: "Separating us would be like tearing flesh."

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